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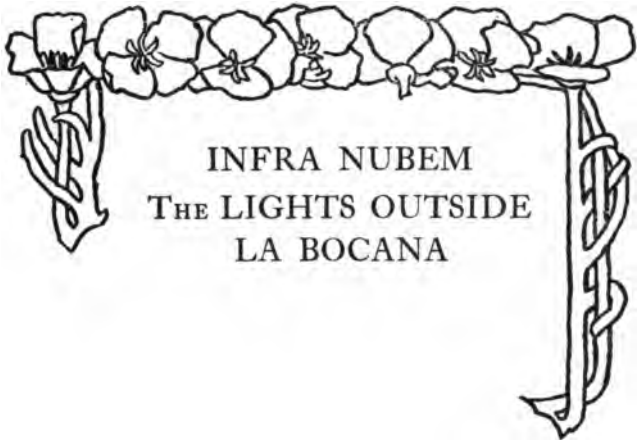
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INFRA NUBEM
THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE
LA BOCANA

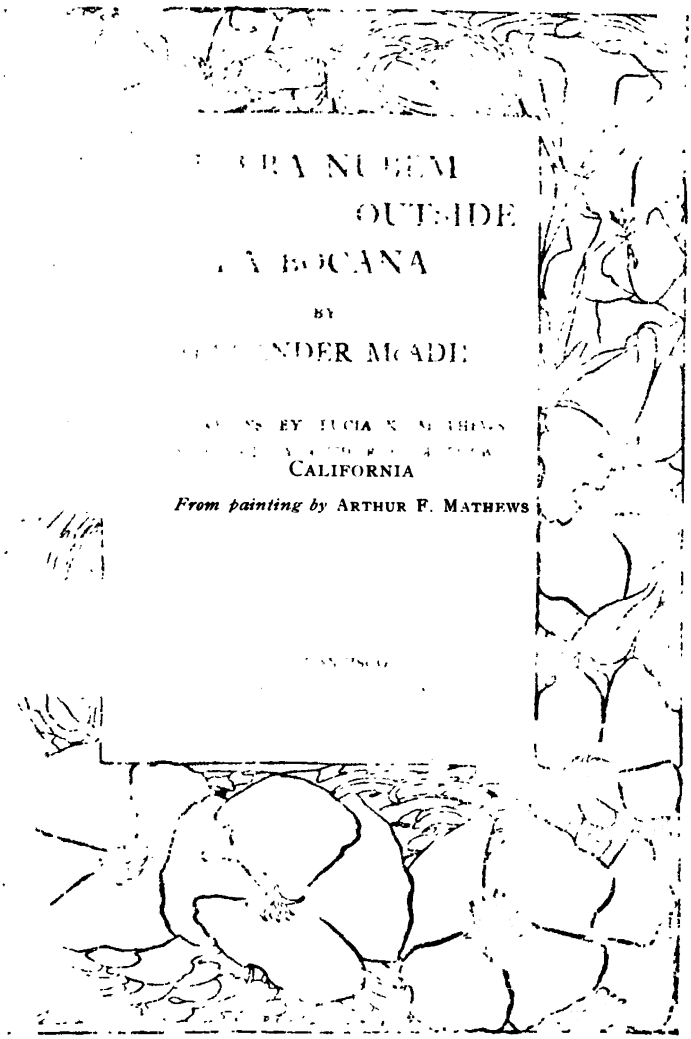
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THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE
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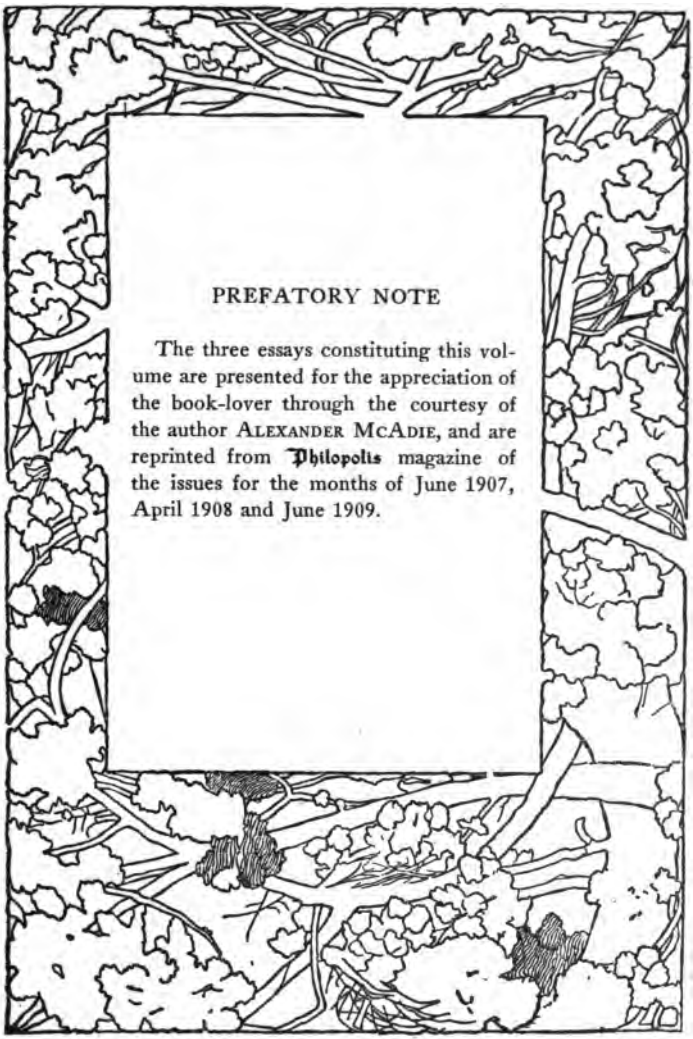
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PREFATORY NOTE

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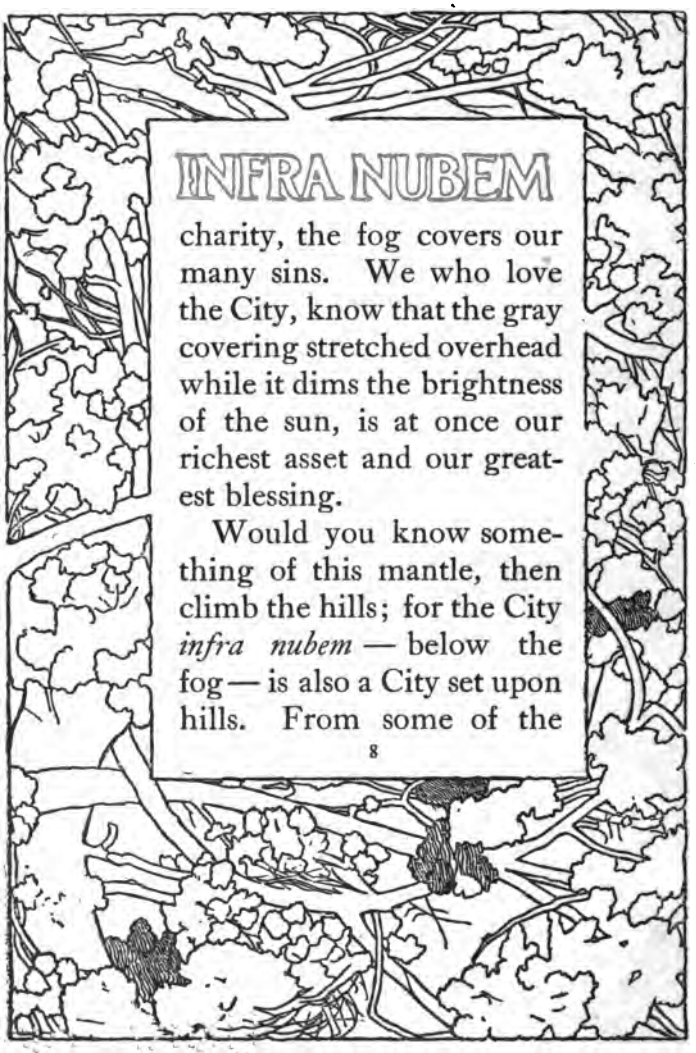
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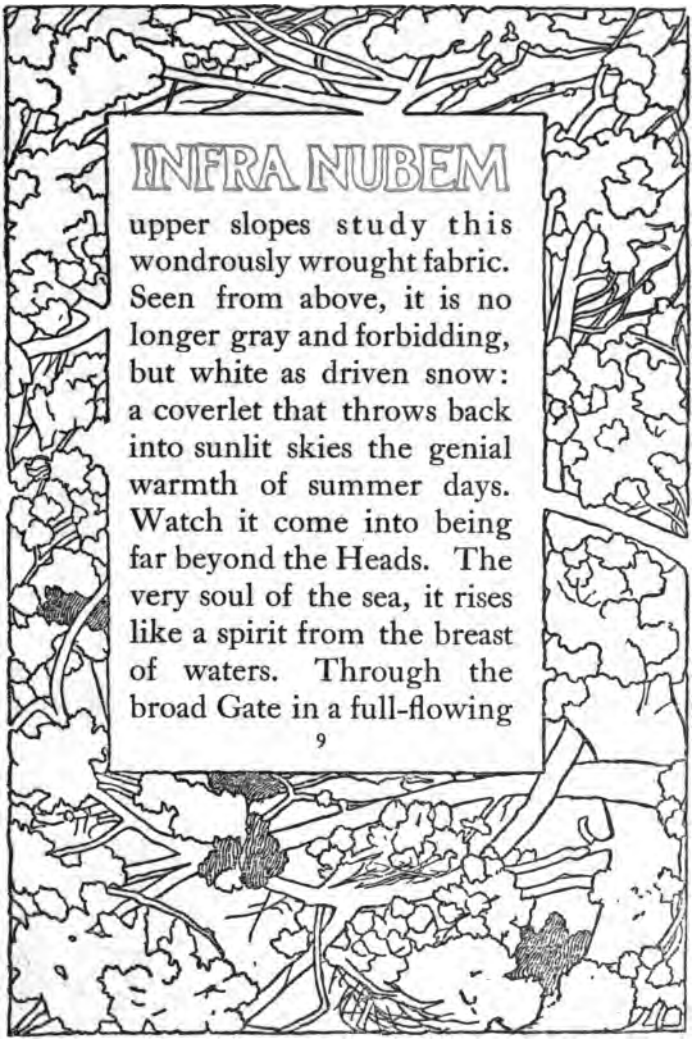
OWLED and penitent like a Friar of Orders Gray, the City kneels in summer afternoons upon the lower steps of the altar hills. Beneath the cassock of fog—a loosely woven serge—are hopes, prayers, truth, and gentleness. But also under that robe of gray lurk cunning, greed, pride, and pretense. Like the merciful mantle of



INFRA NUBEM

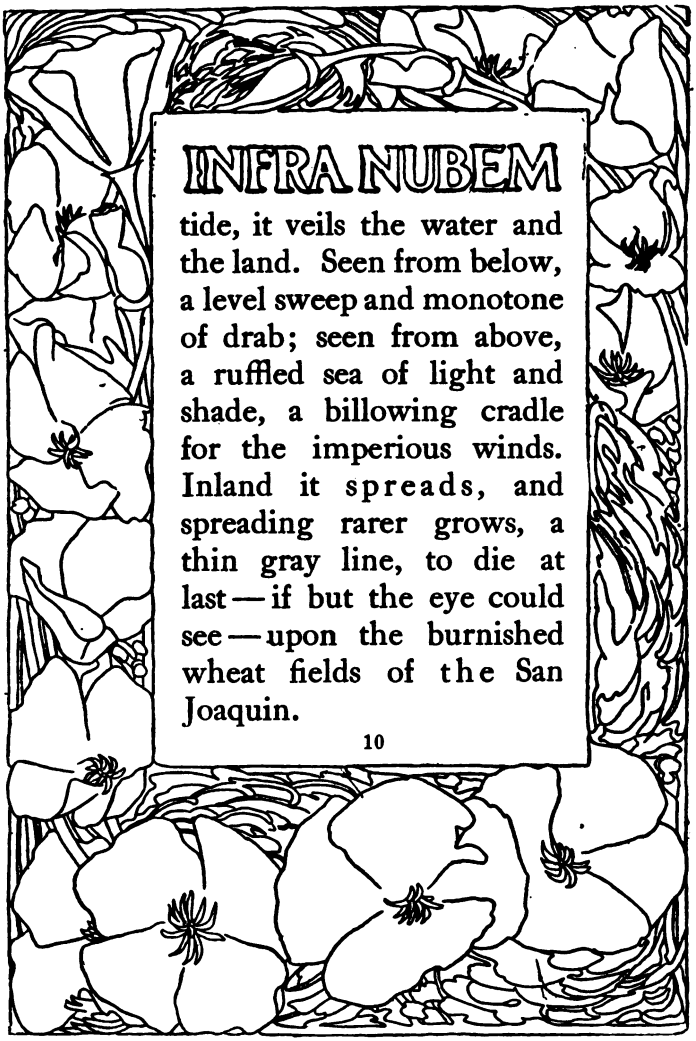
charity, the fog covers our many sins. We who love the City, know that the gray covering stretched overhead while it dims the brightness of the sun, is at once our richest asset and our greatest blessing.

Would you know something of this mantle, then climb the hills; for the City *infra nubem* — below the fog — is also a City set upon hills. From some of the



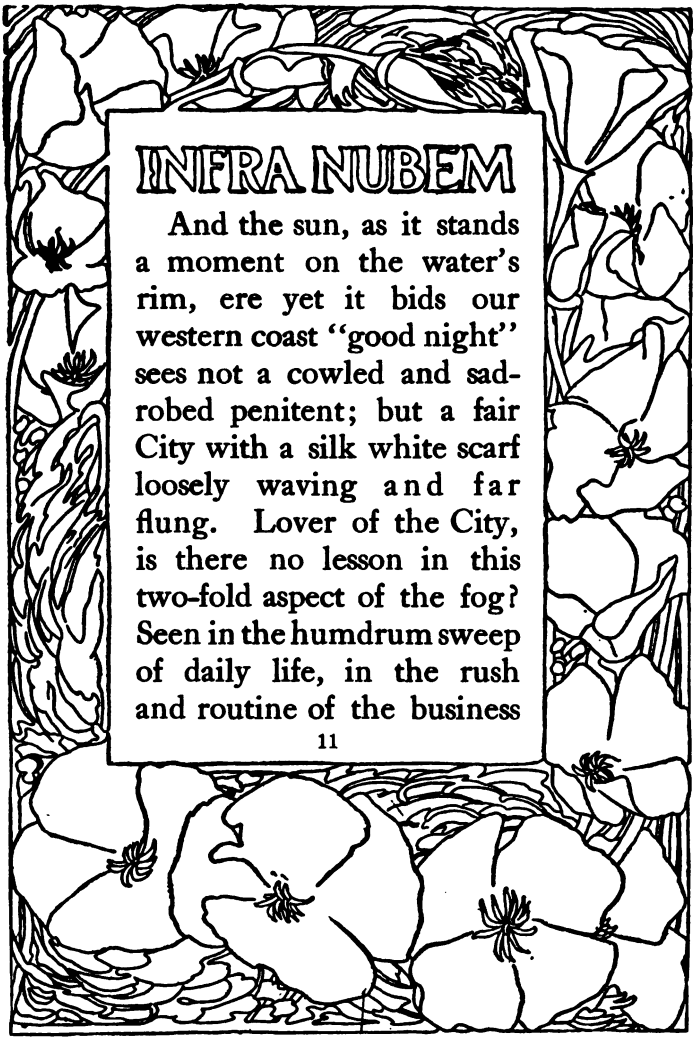
INFRA NUBEM

upper slopes study this wondrously wrought fabric. Seen from above, it is no longer gray and forbidding, but white as driven snow: a coverlet that throws back into sunlit skies the genial warmth of summer days. Watch it come into being far beyond the Heads. The very soul of the sea, it rises like a spirit from the breast of waters. Through the broad Gate in a full-flowing



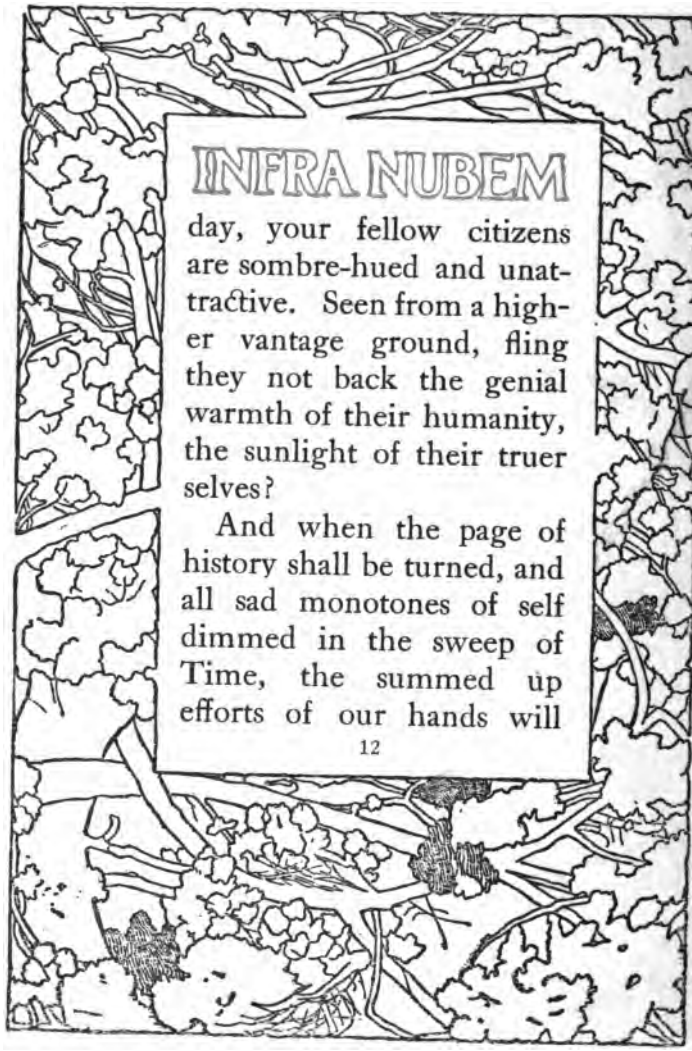
INFRA NUBEM

tide, it veils the water and the land. Seen from below, a level sweep and monotone of drab; seen from above, a ruffled sea of light and shade, a billowing cradle for the imperious winds. Inland it spreads, and spreading rarer grows, a thin gray line, to die at last — if but the eye could see — upon the burnished wheat fields of the San Joaquin.



INFRA NUBEM

And the sun, as it stands a moment on the water's rim, ere yet it bids our western coast "good night" sees not a cowled and sad-robed penitent; but a fair City with a silk white scarf loosely waving and far flung. Lover of the City, is there no lesson in this two-fold aspect of the fog? Seen in the humdrum sweep of daily life, in the rush and routine of the business

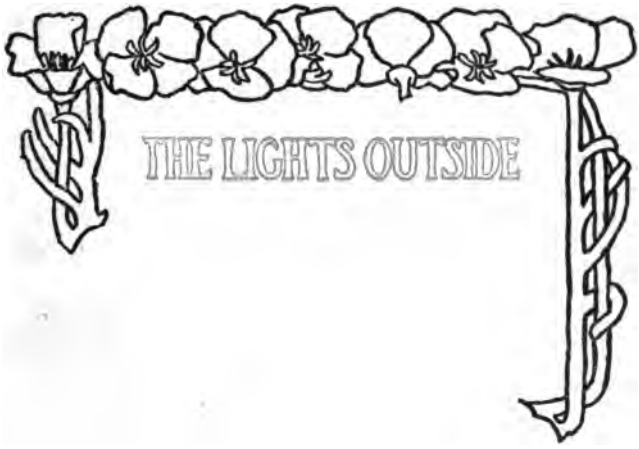


day, your fellow citizens are sombre-hued and unattractive. Seen from a higher vantage ground, fling they not back the genial warmth of their humanity, the sunlight of their truer selves?

And when the page of history shall be turned, and all sad monotones of self dimmed in the sweep of Time, the summed up efforts of our hands will

shine resplendent to those who view us from afar. Then may the historian of our time and place write the judgment:

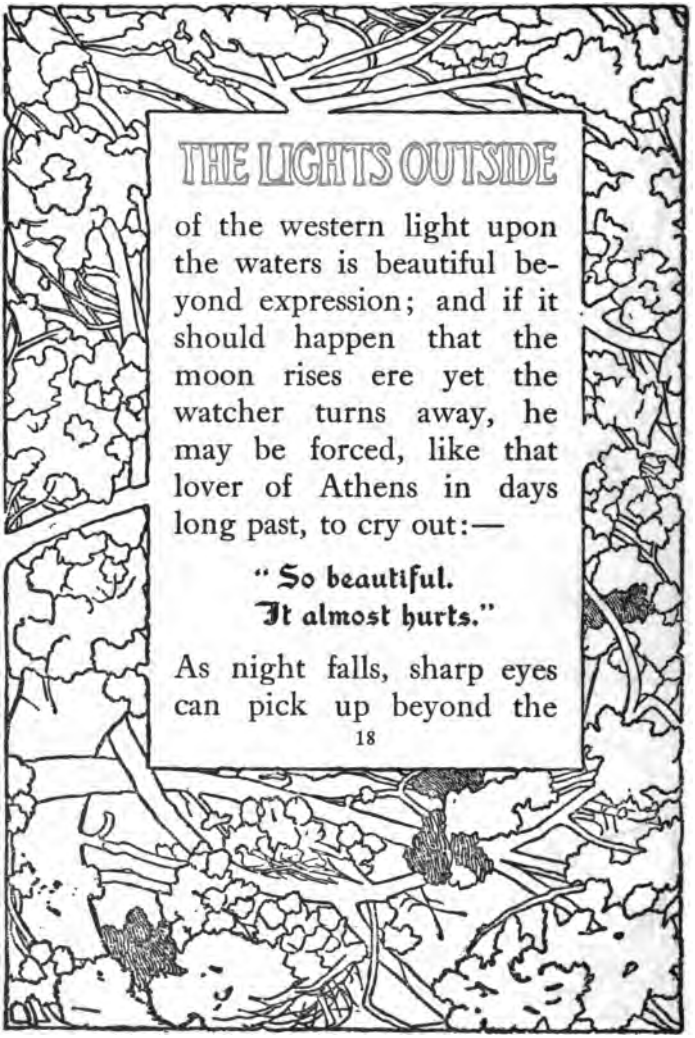
"They wrought well, who all unknown and in their several ways, built this fair City, round whose bright breast is wreathed a glorious scarf of love with golden threads of light, truth and justice intertwined."


THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE



THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

THE lover of the City, climbing the western hills about sunset, on a day when the veil of fog is not too closely wrapped around the face of "Our Lady of the Gate" can see a stretch of water extending from la punta de los Reyes to the Islands of St. James, better known perhaps as Point Reyes and the Farallones. The glimmer

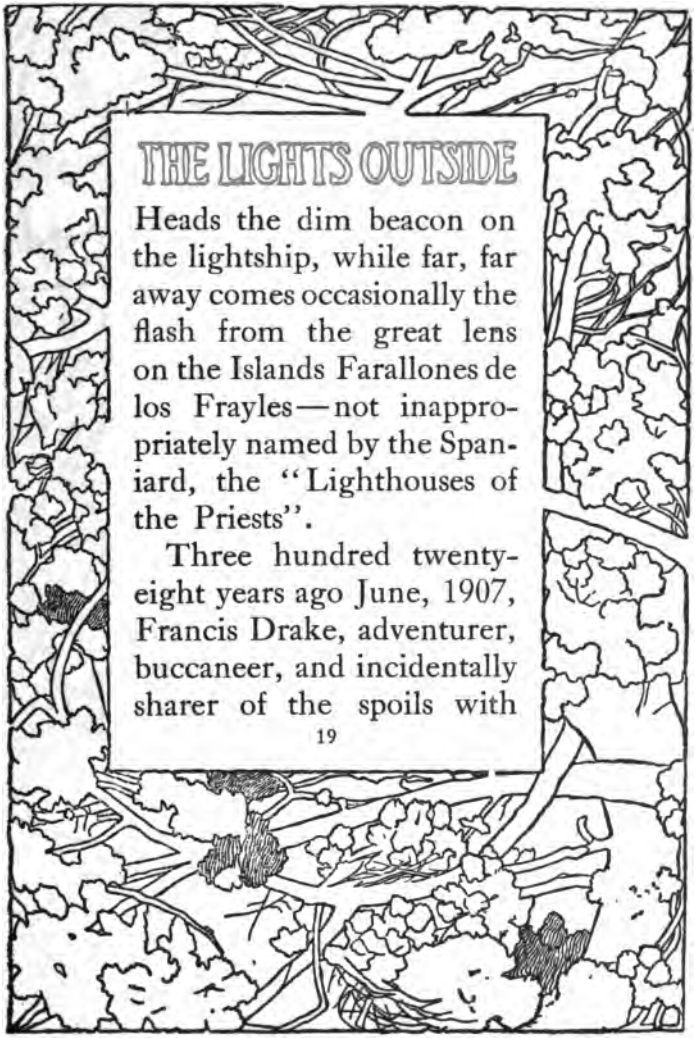


THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

of the western light upon the waters is beautiful beyond expression; and if it should happen that the moon rises ere yet the watcher turns away, he may be forced, like that lover of Athens in days long past, to cry out:—

"So beautiful.
It almost hurts."

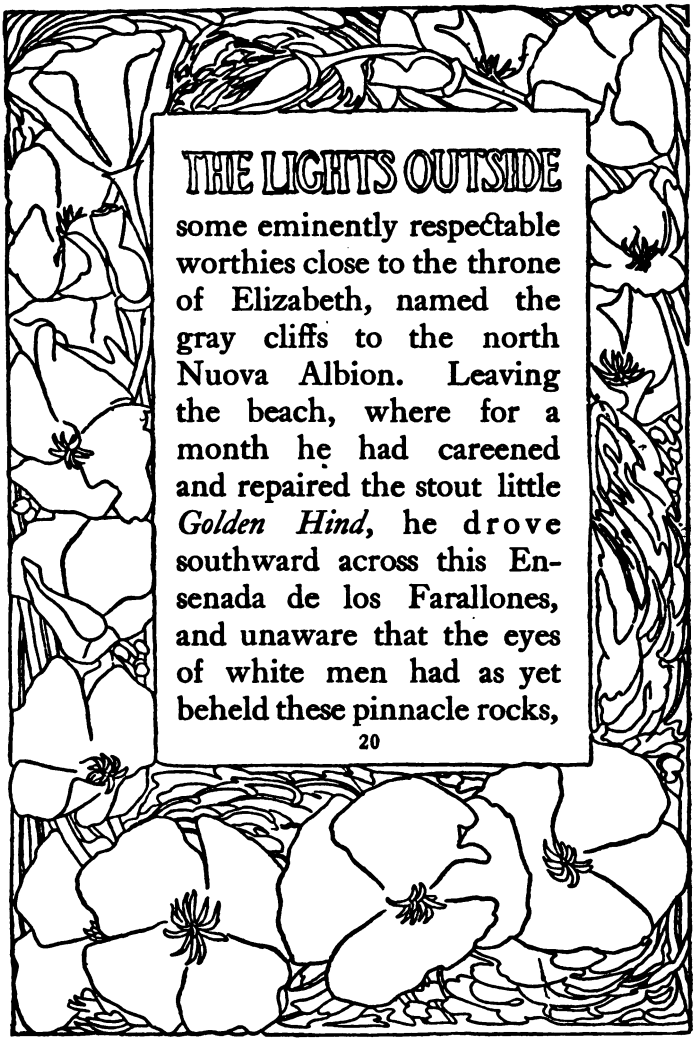
As night falls, sharp eyes can pick up beyond the



THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

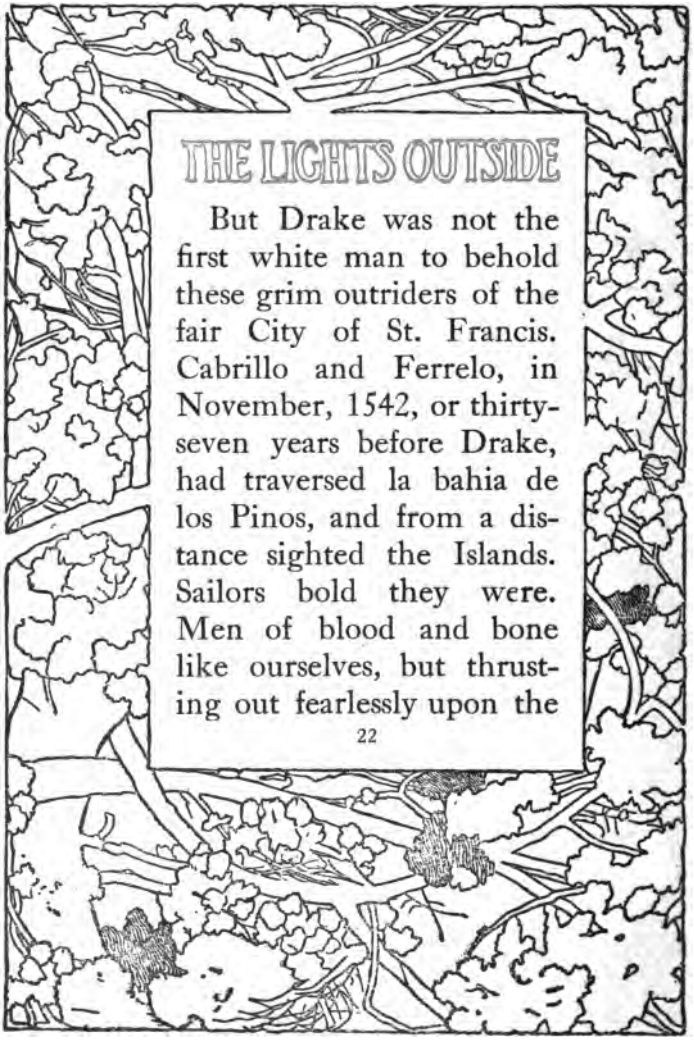
Heads the dim beacon on the lightship, while far, far away comes occasionally the flash from the great lens on the Islands Farallones de los Frayles—not inappropriately named by the Spaniard, the "Lighthouses of the Priests".

Three hundred twenty-eight years ago June, 1907, Francis Drake, adventurer, buccaneer, and incidentally sharer of the spoils with



some eminently respectable worthies close to the throne of Elizabeth, named the gray cliffs to the north Nuova Albion. Leaving the beach, where for a month he had careened and repaired the stout little *Golden Hind*, he drove southward across this Ensenada de los Farallones, and unaware that the eyes of white men had as yet beheld these pinnacle rocks,

called them the Islands of St. James. Drake's men were probably the first Europeans to land on the Farallones, and it may come as something of an agreeable surprise to the people of San Francisco to learn that twenty-eight years before the English language was spoken at Jamestown, accents of our mother tongue were heard upon the rocky shelves of the Farallones.

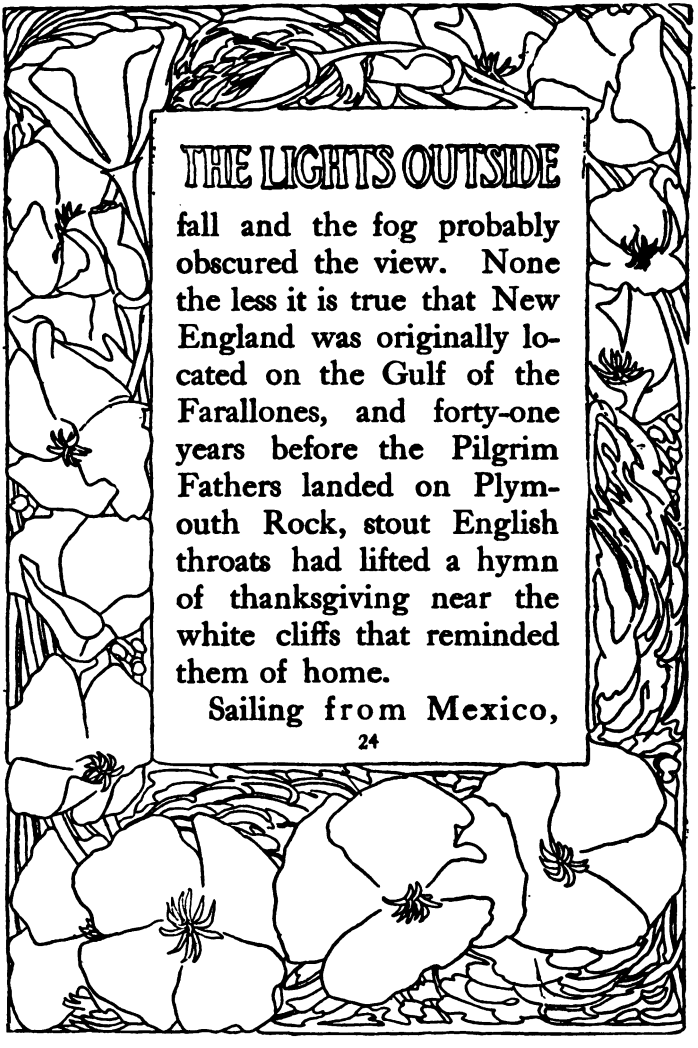


THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

But Drake was not the first white man to behold these grim outriders of the fair City of St. Francis. Cabrillo and Ferrelo, in November, 1542, or thirty-seven years before Drake, had traversed la bahia de los Pinos, and from a distance sighted the Islands. Sailors bold they were. Men of blood and bone like ourselves, but thrusting out fearlessly upon the

unknown sea. Venturesome they were, and brave as any in the long line of those who afterward across the plain or over isthmus, toiled and won.

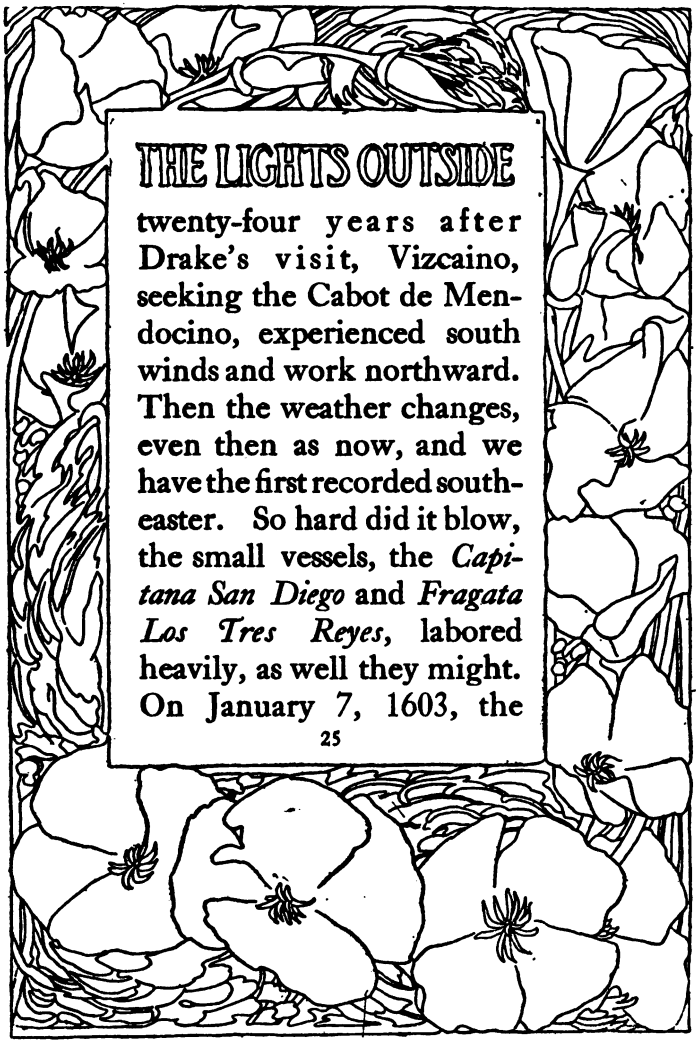
Drake speaks of the Portus Novæ Albionis — the Gate of New England — and later Spanish explorers speak of la Puerta de San Francisco, but none of these ever saw the Golden Gate or entered in. The land-



THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

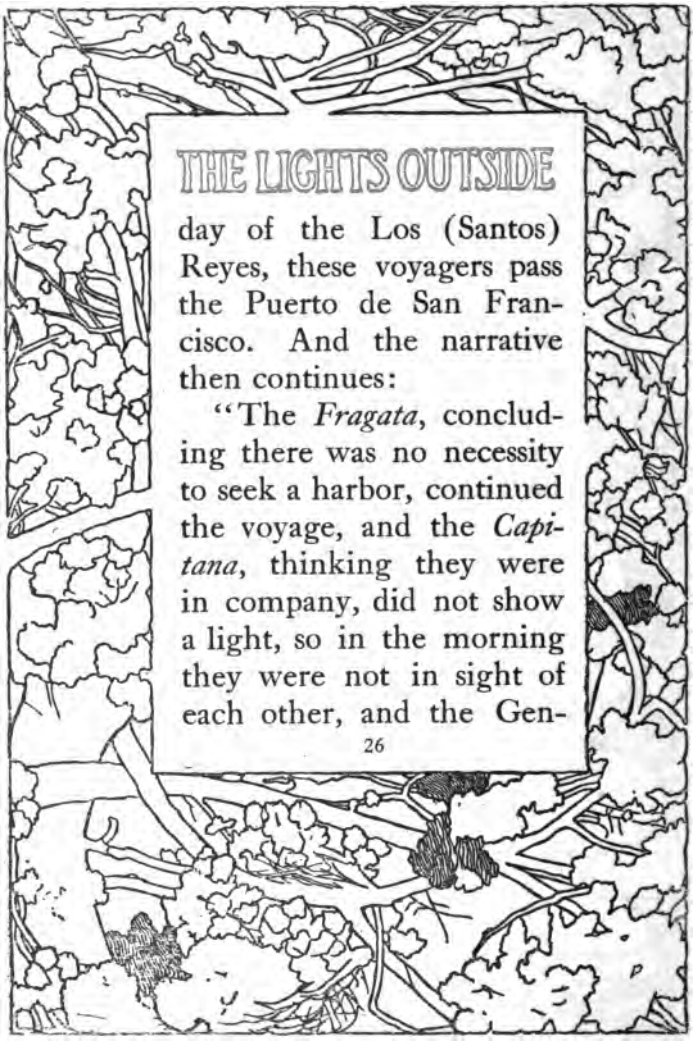
fall and the fog probably obscured the view. None the less it is true that New England was originally located on the Gulf of the Farallones, and forty-one years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, stout English throats had lifted a hymn of thanksgiving near the white cliffs that reminded them of home.

Sailing from Mexico,



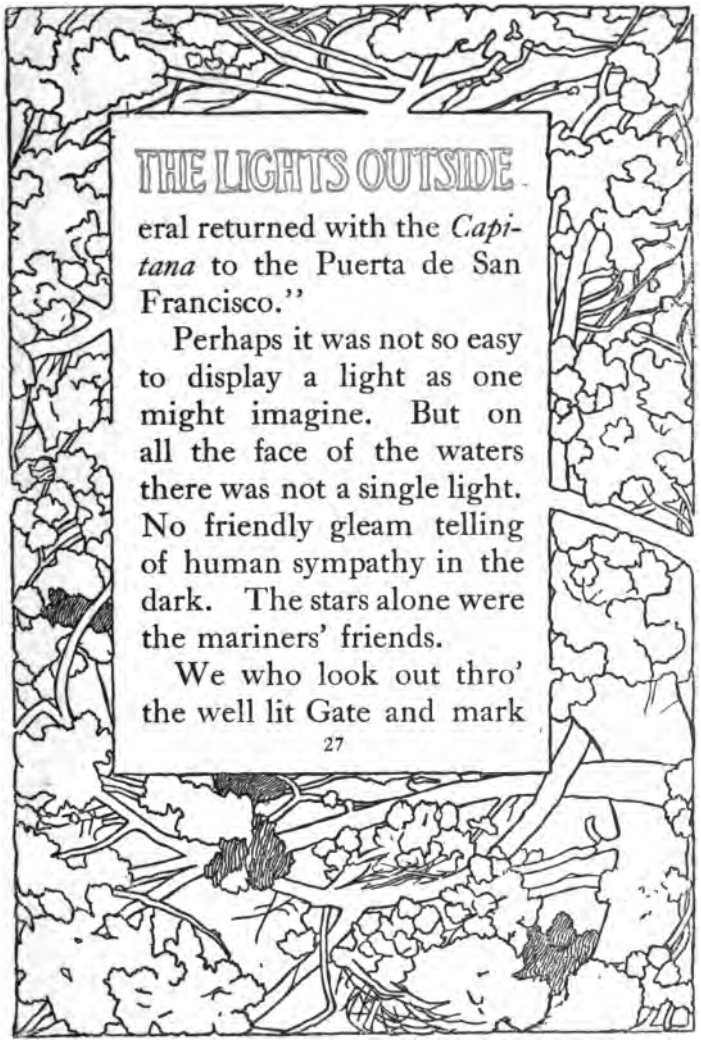
THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

twenty-four years after Drake's visit, Vizcaino, seeking the Cabot de Mendocino, experienced south winds and work northward. Then the weather changes, even then as now, and we have the first recorded southeaster. So hard did it blow, the small vessels, the *Capitana San Diego* and *Fragata Los Tres Reyes*, labored heavily, as well they might. On January 7, 1603, the



day of the Los (Santos) Reyes, these voyagers pass the Puerto de San Francisco. And the narrative then continues:

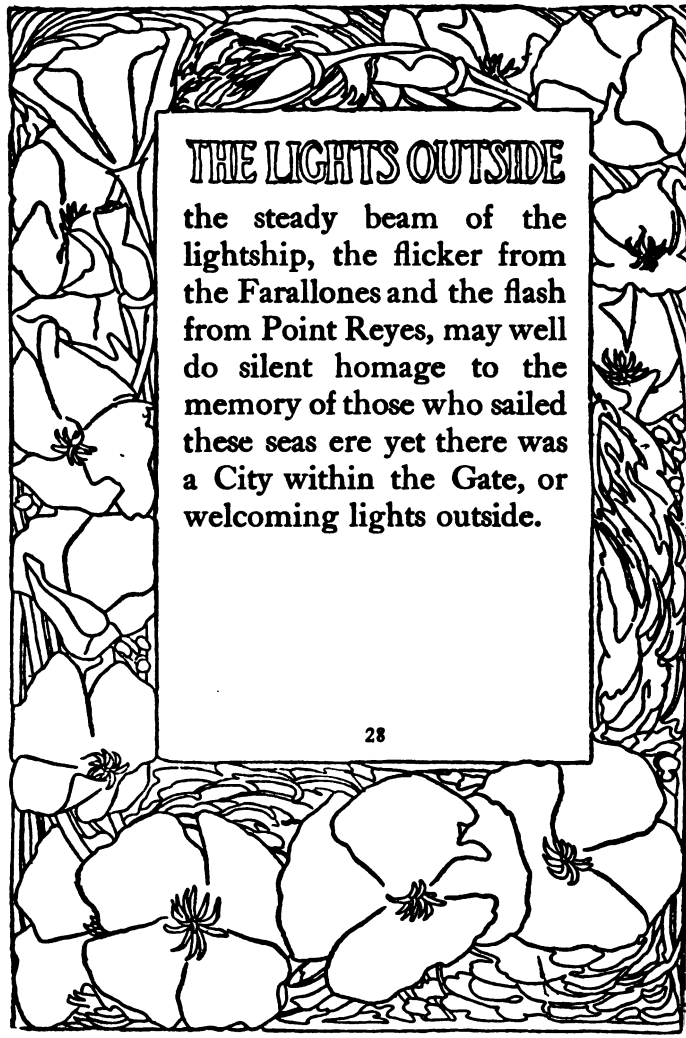
"The *Fragata*, concluding there was no necessity to seek a harbor, continued the voyage, and the *Capitana*, thinking they were in company, did not show a light, so in the morning they were not in sight of each other, and the Gen-



eral returned with the *Capitana* to the Puerta de San Francisco."

Perhaps it was not so easy to display a light as one might imagine. But on all the face of the waters there was not a single light. No friendly gleam telling of human sympathy in the dark. The stars alone were the mariners' friends.

We who look out thro' the well lit Gate and mark



THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

the steady beam of the lightship, the flicker from the Farallones and the flash from Point Reyes, may well do silent homage to the memory of those who sailed these seas ere yet there was a City within the Gate, or welcoming lights outside.

THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE

AUTHORS NOTE

My authority is Professor GEORGE DAVIDSON, for many years in charge of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and now Professor of Geography in the University of California. DR. DAVIDSON has personally visited and identified all points on our Coast mentioned by the Early Explores.


LA BOCANA



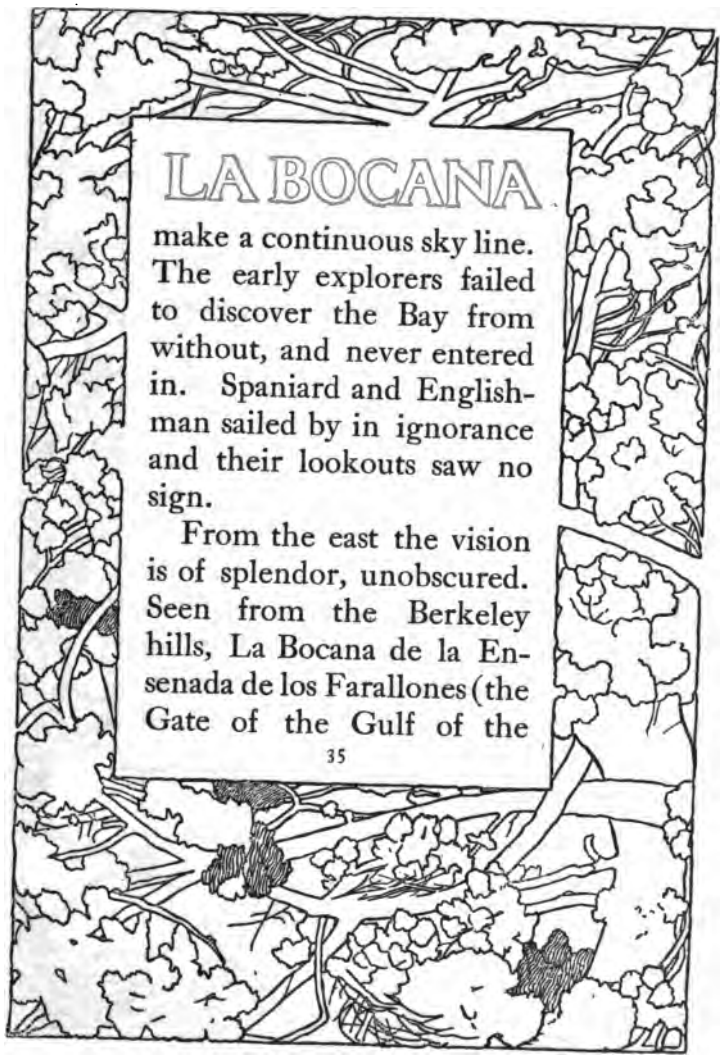
LA BOCANA



ERUSALEM had its Golden Gate, which the Turks, with due precaution, keep walled, lest the Giaour come some day, and passing through, conquer and take possession. For so did the prophets of old forecast. Our Golden Gate lies open, all unwalled, save where the hills come down to meet the water. Through it be-

liever and unbeliever pass. Alike they enter and depart, and all bear testimony to the glory of our Gate.

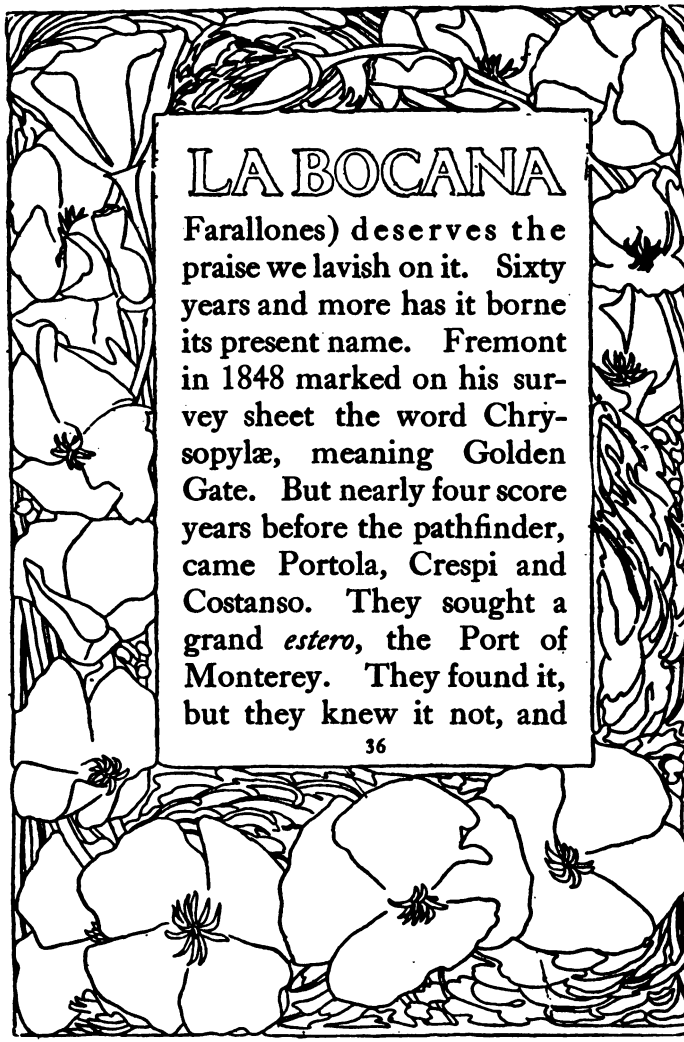
From the west one does not readily perceive the entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. The landfall is peculiar, and the Marin hills in friendly fashion lean over and seem to join the crests of the southern peninsula, while the background, Contra Costa hills,



LA BOCANA

make a continuous sky line. The early explorers failed to discover the Bay from without, and never entered in. Spaniard and Englishman sailed by in ignorance and their lookouts saw no sign.

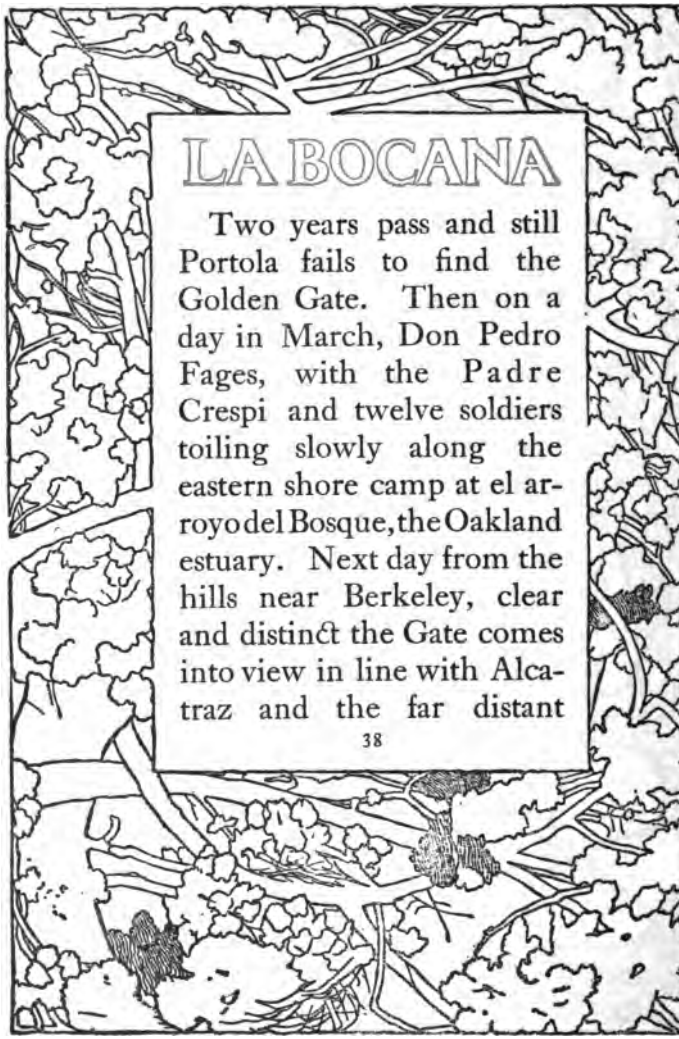
From the east the vision is of splendor, unobscured. Seen from the Berkeley hills, La Bocana de la Ensenada de los Farallones (the Gate of the Gulf of the



LA BOCANA

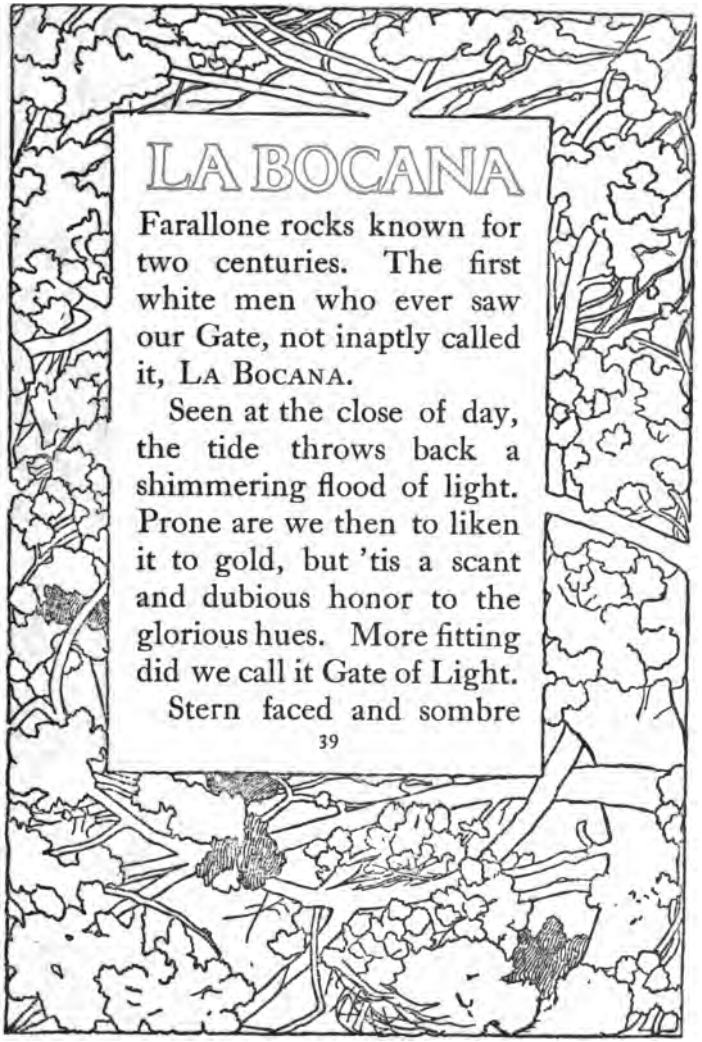
Farallones) deserves the praise we lavish on it. Sixty years and more has it borne its present name. Fremont in 1848 marked on his survey sheet the word Chrysopylæ, meaning Golden Gate. But nearly four score years before the pathfinder, came Portola, Crespi and Costanso. They sought a grand *estero*, the Port of Monterey. They found it, but they knew it not, and

wandered on. Drenched by the early rains, they made camp near where is now Montara. Two day's travel would have brought them to the Gate. The Sergeant and the soldiers hunting, saw on All Saints' Day the southeast portion of the Bay. The General, the Captain and the pious Padre from the camp height saw the outer reaches from Bolinas to Point Pedro.



LA BOCANA

Two years pass and still Portola fails to find the Golden Gate. Then on a day in March, Don Pedro Fages, with the Padre Crespi and twelve soldiers toiling slowly along the eastern shore camp at el arroyo del Bosque, the Oakland estuary. Next day from the hills near Berkeley, clear and distinct the Gate comes into view in line with Alcatraz and the far distant

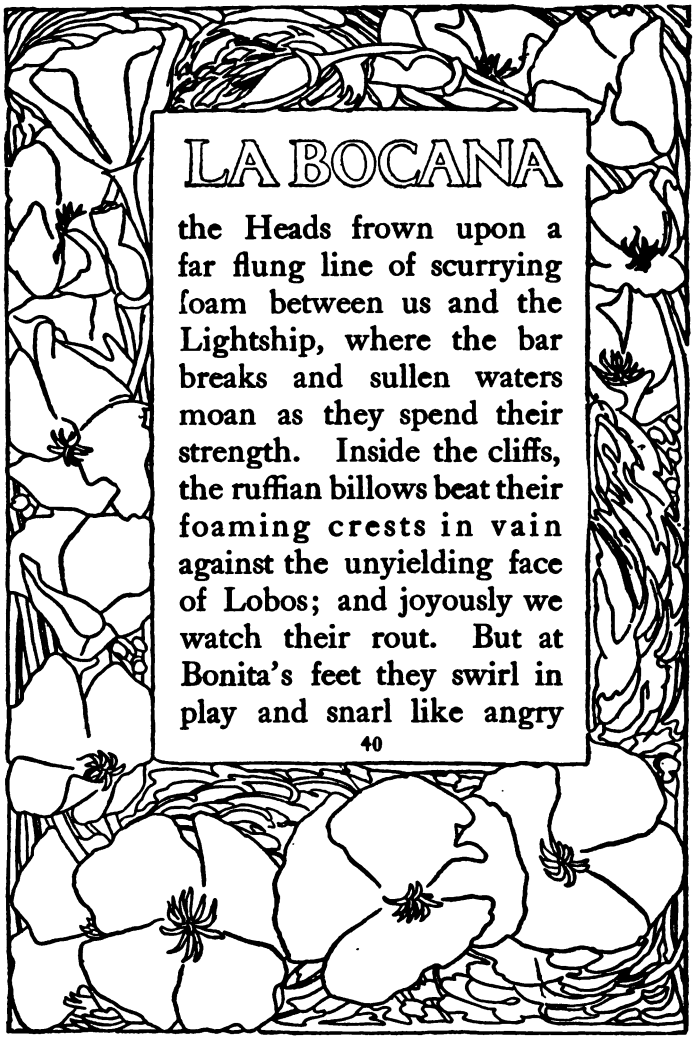


LA BOCANA

Farallone rocks known for two centuries. The first white men who ever saw our Gate, not inaptly called it, LA BOCANA.

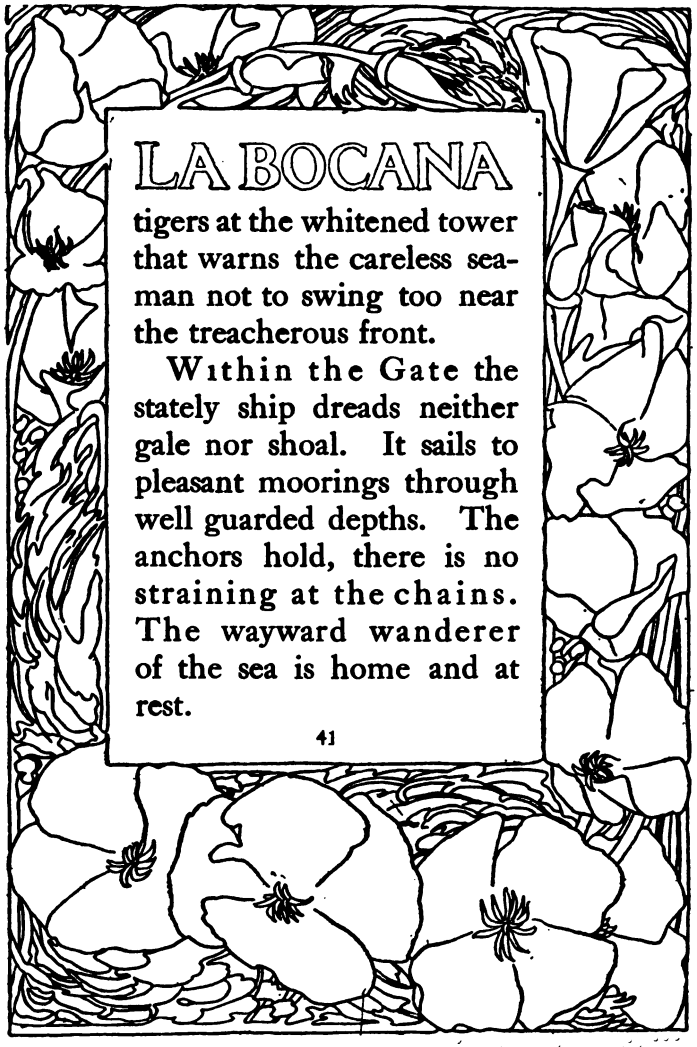
Seen at the close of day, the tide throws back a shimmering flood of light. Prone are we then to liken it to gold, but 'tis a scant and dubious honor to the glorious hues. More fitting did we call it Gate of Light.

Stern faced and sombre



LA BOCANA

the Heads frown upon a far flung line of scurrying foam between us and the Lightship, where the bar breaks and sullen waters moan as they spend their strength. Inside the cliffs, the ruffian billows beat their foaming crests in vain against the unyielding face of Lobos; and joyously we watch their rout. But at Bonita's feet they swirl in play and snarl like angry



LA BOCANA

tigers at the whitened tower that warns the careless seaman not to swing too near the treacherous front.

Within the Gate the stately ship dreads neither gale nor shoal. It sails to pleasant moorings through well guarded depths. The anchors hold, there is no straining at the chains. The wayward wanderer of the sea is home and at rest.

LA BOCANA

So may that greater Voyage end in peace for all who come and go our way.



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